

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

They stamp about with heavy shoes
Before you're out of bed.
Their doors are never closed.
Those people are overcast.

They always let the plumbing leak.
They leave the steam on.
They shake their rug from windows till
Your window sills are grimy.

They start their piano off
Just when you want to sleep.
And when they're entertaining friends
All sorts of hours they keep.

And when you're worn to death by what
The folk about you do.
These cranky people in the flat
Below come crawling up.

One can forgive one's enemies.
And then that hate one, love,
But nobody loves the folk
Who have the flat above.

"It's all right to ask me to love my enemies," says the young lawyer's wife, "but it's beyond reason to expect me to have anything but undying hatred for the woman who's moving out of the flat I'm going to move into, and the woman who's going to move into the flat I'm moving out of. This year, the moving out woman really isn't so bad. She's a range and box properly scoured and the doors all on, and she's been out two days ahead of time if her baby hadn't been ill; but the woman who's going to take my flat is a whole new kind of a person. She's engaged the flat a month ago, and she's been to see it on an average of three times a week ever since. Day before yesterday the hall boy brought up the cards of two unknown women. I was taking things off the top shelves of the closets, but I flew into some clothes and said I'd see my visitors. I'm bad about remembering names, and I supposed they were women I knew. I asked to see. Who do you think they were? They were friends of my successor, and they said they just happened to be in the neighborhood and thought they'd run in and see what kind of a place was going to have. Fanny! They said they'd told me they might. Anyway, I let them know what the rent is, and she'd told them it was half as much again. But that's not all. Yesterday she came to ask me if I'd mind her asking two friends to luncheon in my flat, mind you, with my table. She said she'd send up some silver and dishes—she's been saving things for weeks—and I might—yes, m'am, she said I might lunch out and send the bill to her. She said she'd expect to be moved and settled by this time, but her friends would understand how old Backus had been, and they wouldn't, though. I sent her word that they could eat in the kitchen if they wanted to, but I intended to use the dining room till I moved out. I'm awfully glad now I didn't tell her about the range not baking well, and how mean the janitor is. Next time I get ready to give a flat up I'm going to nail a scarlet fever sign on the door so that I can pick up and move in peace."

I heard a story yesterday about an esteemed fellow-citizen whose house on Columbia Heights adjoins the home of a famous general's widow. He has been connected with the theatrical profession for many years, and in justice to him I must say that at no time has he declared himself an authority on ornithology. Once upon a time his family was asked down into the country to visit the general's widow. At dusk, as the house party sat on the gallery, the whippersnapper calling broke the stillness.

"What bird is that?" somebody asked. "A whippoorwill," somebody replied. "What a sweet note it has!" said the theatrical man. "Doesn't it sometimes say 'Bob White' also?"

The lady who has been everywhere came to the boarding-house on Thursday, and by Friday afternoon the Butterberg Club had given up trying to tell her things. Only the lady who went to the Yellowstone last summer strove feebly to squeeze in a word edge-wise now and then. The lady who has been everywhere was feeling off her back at about a thousand revolutions a minute. Midway of a description of the way they charge you for candles in Paris she paused to bite the length of an embroidered silk. The lady who went to the Yellowstone last summer hurried herself against the battlements thus left unguarded.

"The first time I saw a geyser—" she began.

"My, yes; ain't they funny?" said the lady who has been everywhere. "I nearly froze my feet on one when I was in Switzerland."

There's a small shop out our way where they sell thread and tacks and stove polish, and a lot of other things that are not just what you don't want when you haven't time to go clear down town. I went in the other day to buy shoe laces, and because I wanted to look a little smarter than one can at a time of the year when it's too late to buy another summer hat and too early to invest in a fall one, I asked for the shade of a purple looking kind. The man who keeps the shop handed out a pair. They had quite an air, I assure you.

"Are these silk?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"No," said he, "they're the mismerized kind."

Once upon a time in this same town, I told a story as it was told me, and because I neglected to write that useful little Latin word "set" over a certain word, an intelligent compositor set up the anecdote in the way he thought it ought to go. It chanced me to think that he has probably been boiled in oil since, but the untimely fate of that story has darkened a great many otherwise happy hours for me. It was about a little girl, the daughter of a prominent woman physician, and a newspaperman who is now the editor of a Boston daily. The child went to visit her grandmother—or, maybe it was an aunt—and while there she learned a number of things which used to be included in the education of every child. Especially, she learned a prayer which modern educators have discarded, and she learned the old-fashioned addition to it. When she came home she said the prayer at her mother's knee, with the tag. I wrote the tag just as I heard it. The compositor, quite of his own accord, inserted a "b" where he thought a "y" belonged, but what the child said, repeating the words as they sounded to her, was:

"God-less mother, and God-less father, and make Miriam a good girl."

There's a new cat at the grocer's on our corner, and it's a cat of a kind you don't see every day. I wasn't sure what kind it might be, so I asked the grocer. He answered me with a pride:

"That's a pure turquoise," he said.

A very pretty girl sat in front of me at a matinee the other day, and she was wearing a hat that made me give a father's bank account a solar plexus blow. It was an October dream, of dull green and velvety purple, loaded down with nooses. She wasn't alone, but the girl with her was wearing a hat that was so strong that it stopped saying anything worth hearing about the first of July. The hat with a past came off as soon as the girls were seated, but the hat with a future stayed on till the lights went out for the first act. Then the owner of it began to look for hat pins among those grapes. She seized a round object and jerked. It was a grape, and off it came. Three separate and distinct grapes she pulled off, and at every one the other girl looked at the stage harder than ever. She had to be spoken to twice before she could drag her attention away long enough to find the hat pin heads. And she was so sorry—oh, so very sorry, the grapes had been weeded out before she noticed. She said she was (and if her eyes didn't look it)—well, it was entirely too pretty a hat to have gone to the matinee with your old one, anyway.

Talking about hat pins reminds me of one I saw at a matinee. It had a coin shaped flat head, engraved with

the owner's initials, and the pin attached was three times the size of the skewer the average woman uses. It was not an especially attractive pin, and indeed it was designed less as an ornament than as a weapon of defense. The woman who ordered it is a business woman who is obliged to go about unattended. A revolver is a clumsy thing to use, and has the disadvantage of being easily taken from one's hand. The hat pin with a thumb pressed over the flat top may weapons that any wise highwayman would run like mad from.

Your genuine Cape Cod Yankee is not loquacious, but when he likes he can give you a bit of description that would look well on a list of any of the six best selling books of the week. A woman who spent the summer down on the Cape tells of driving about Chatham with one of the natives. They passed a house that was unusual in that it was on the Cape, and she asked whether it belonged to a Nickerson or an Eldridge—most Chathamites bear one name or the other—to summer people. The driver said that that was neither Nickerson nor Eldridge.

"They're natives, though," he said, and he added, somewhat scornfully, "somebody left them some money, and they took to eating mushrooms and going in bathing, and got to be summer people."

The man who has been in London tells the story of a reply the daughter of a very august American made to the very august of Englishmen at a luncheon a few months ago, and I hope it is still new enough to bear repeating. The most august of Englishmen asked the American girl what thing in London pleased her most.

"Your Simples," said she.

The Englishman of Englishmen looked perplexed.

"Our what?" he asked, phrasing his question, possibly in some more polished way.

"Your Simples," repeated the American girl. "You call St. John's 'Simples' and St. James' 'Simples.' Don't you call St. Paul's 'Simples'?"

WILL ACCEPT CALL.

Rev. G. A. Miller to be Pastor of Ninth Street Church.

A notification has been received by the Ninth Street Christian Church from Rev. George A. Miller, to the effect that he will accept the call extended to him last Sunday, to succeed Rev. E. B. Bagby, as pastor of the church.

The Rev. Mr. Miller is at present pastor of the First Christian Church at Covington, Ky., where he has served for the past twelve years. During that time he has not only doubled the church and Sunday school attendance, but has practically cleared the church of its indebtedness, and installed a new organ, at a cost of \$2,500.

He has been one of the most successful pastors in his particular brotherhood, a graduate of the Eureka College, Illinois, in theology and other courses, and received the degree of M. D. for his excellent work. At dusk, as the house party sat on the gallery, the whippersnapper calling broke the stillness.

"What a bird is that?" somebody asked. "A whippoorwill," somebody replied.

"What a sweet note it has!" said the theatrical man. "Doesn't it sometimes say 'Bob White' also?"

The lady who has been everywhere came to the boarding-house on Thursday, and by Friday afternoon the Butterberg Club had given up trying to tell her things.

Only the lady who went to the Yellowstone last summer strove feebly to squeeze in a word edge-wise now and then. The lady who has been everywhere was feeling off her back at about a thousand revolutions a minute. Midway of a description of the way they charge you for candles in Paris she paused to bite the length of an embroidered silk. The lady who went to the Yellowstone last summer hurried herself against the battlements thus left unguarded.

"The first time I saw a geyser—" she began.

"My, yes; ain't they funny?" said the lady who has been everywhere. "I nearly froze my feet on one when I was in Switzerland."

There's a small shop out our way where they sell thread and tacks and stove polish, and a lot of other things that are not just what you don't want when you haven't time to go clear down town. I went in the other day to buy shoe laces, and because I wanted to look a little smarter than one can at a time of the year when it's too late to buy another summer hat and too early to invest in a fall one, I asked for the shade of a purple looking kind. The man who keeps the shop handed out a pair. They had quite an air, I assure you.

"Are these silk?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"No," said he, "they're the mismerized kind."

Once upon a time in this same town, I told a story as it was told me, and because I neglected to write that useful little Latin word "set" over a certain word, an intelligent compositor set up the anecdote in the way he thought it ought to go. It chanced me to think that he has probably been boiled in oil since, but the untimely fate of that story has darkened a great many otherwise happy hours for me. It was about a little girl, the daughter of a prominent woman physician, and a newspaperman who is now the editor of a Boston daily. The child went to visit her grandmother—or, maybe it was an aunt—and while there she learned a number of things which used to be included in the education of every child. Especially, she learned a prayer which modern educators have discarded, and she learned the old-fashioned addition to it. When she came home she said the prayer at her mother's knee, with the tag. I wrote the tag just as I heard it. The compositor, quite of his own accord, inserted a "b" where he thought a "y" belonged, but what the child said, repeating the words as they sounded to her, was:

"God-less mother, and God-less father, and make Miriam a good girl."

There's a new cat at the grocer's on our corner, and it's a cat of a kind you don't see every day. I wasn't sure what kind it might be, so I asked the grocer. He answered me with a pride:

"That's a pure turquoise," he said.

A very pretty girl sat in front of me at a matinee the other day, and she was wearing a hat that made me give a father's bank account a solar plexus blow. It was an October dream, of dull green and velvety purple, loaded down with nooses. She wasn't alone, but the girl with her was wearing a hat that was so strong that it stopped saying anything worth hearing about the first of July. The hat with a past came off as soon as the girls were seated, but the hat with a future stayed on till the lights went out for the first act. Then the owner of it began to look for hat pins among those grapes. She seized a round object and jerked. It was a grape, and off it came. Three separate and distinct grapes she pulled off, and at every one the other girl looked at the stage harder than ever. She had to be spoken to twice before she could drag her attention away long enough to find the hat pin heads. And she was so sorry—oh, so very sorry, the grapes had been weeded out before she noticed. She said she was (and if her eyes didn't look it)—well, it was entirely too pretty a hat to have gone to the matinee with your old one, anyway.

Talking about hat pins reminds me of one I saw at a matinee. It had a coin shaped flat head, engraved with

the owner's initials, and the pin attached was three times the size of the skewer the average woman uses. It was not an especially attractive pin, and indeed it was designed less as an ornament than as a weapon of defense. The woman who ordered it is a business woman who is obliged to go about unattended. A revolver is a clumsy thing to use, and has the disadvantage of being easily taken from one's hand. The hat pin with a thumb pressed over the flat top may weapons that any wise highwayman would run like mad from.

Your genuine Cape Cod Yankee is not loquacious, but when he likes he can give you a bit of description that would look well on a list of any of the six best selling books of the week. A woman who spent the summer down on the Cape tells of driving about Chatham with one of the natives. They passed a house that was unusual in that it was on the Cape, and she asked whether it belonged to a Nickerson or an Eldridge—most Chathamites bear one name or the other—to summer people. The driver said that that was neither Nickerson nor Eldridge.

"They're natives, though," he said, and he added, somewhat scornfully, "somebody left them some money, and they took to eating mushrooms and going in bathing, and got to be summer people."

The man who has been in London tells the story of a reply the daughter of a very august American made to the very august of Englishmen at a luncheon a few months ago, and I hope it is still new enough to bear repeating. The most august of Englishmen asked the American girl what thing in London pleased her most.

"Your Simples," said she.

The Englishman of Englishmen looked perplexed.

"Our what?" he asked, phrasing his question, possibly in some more polished way.

"Your Simples," repeated the American girl. "You call St. John's 'Simples' and St. James' 'Simples.' Don't you call St. Paul's 'Simples'?"

MUSIC IN WASHINGTON.

The dates for the concerts to be given in this city by the Boston Symphony Orchestra are Tuesday afternoons, November 6, December 4, January 8, February 19, and March 19. They will be given at the New National Theater. These concerts, because of the appointment of the new conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, and the appearance with the orchestra of prominent soloists, promise to be of great interest to Washington. Dr. Muck was chosen last spring after the announced retirement of Mr. Gericke. A Bavarian by birth, he received his title of "doctor" from the University of Leipzig in 1880. While he was pursuing his studies he was working at music, and the same month that he received his degree of "doctor of philosophy," he made his debut in Leipzig as a pianist. He had, however, no thought of a career as a pianist, having long since decided to make conducting his life work. His first post was as chorus master at Zurich. Then in succession he was the conductor at Salzburg, Brunn, and Graz, the first recognition of his talent coming when he was appointed, in 1888, conductor of the German Opera at Prague, and at the same time conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra in the same city. There he remained for six years, giving up that post for the one in Berlin, which he held since then. By his many "guest" appearances as an orchestral and operatic conductor in Europe, by his post of conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra, and his close connection with Bayreuth, where he has for four festivals he has been conductor of "Parsifal," he has won for himself a most notable reputation as a conductor and as a musician.

The next in interest to Dr. Muck will be the appearance of Paderewski as soloist at the January concert of the orchestra. This will be Paderewski's only appearance in Washington, for he comes to this country to play seven times with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, after which he will return immediately to Europe. A complete list of soloists cannot at this time be given, for Dr. Muck has not yet decided on his plans for the last concert in March. Two names, however, can be announced, those of Mme. Olga Samoroff and Mr. Timothee Adamowski. Samoroff made a favorable impression when she played here last year with the Philadelphia Orchestra, and later with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and therefore her coming will be warmly welcomed by the musicians of this city. Mr. Adamowski has not played in Washington for several years. This year he will play in New York as well as Washington.

The orchestra itself returns without any change in its personnel. It will bring to Washington its full strength of ninety-six men.

The Boston Symphony Quartet will depart from its usual custom of evening concerts, and the three afternoons promised for the coming winter are December 5, February 19, and March 20 at 4 o'clock in the New World Hall. The programmes will be selected from the works of Beethoven, Brahms, Cesar Franck, Haydn, Mozart, Saint-Saens, Schumann, Richard Strauss, Mendelssohn, and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Evans Greene, the latter formerly Miss Katie V. Wilson, have returned from Europe and taken a new house, 1126 Sixteenth street, where they will have a residence studio. Mr. and Mrs. Greene will put on a week of grand opera about the latter part of January with their own local chorus, made up of sixty voices, and a professional cast and orchestra. About November 15 Mr. and Mrs. Greene will give a reception to the representative musical people of Washington.

Mrs. William Raymond Hill, formerly Miss M. Louise Carson, contralto soloist at St. Paul's Episcopal Lutheran Church, will within the next two weeks join Mr. Hill in Chicago, where they will make their future home. Her removal to another city is a source of regret to her friends and those associated with her in the choir. The position she holds has not been filled.

The choir of boys and men of Holy Trinity Catholic Church, Georgetown, enters this month upon the fourth year of a most successful existence. To-day they will furnish the music for the solemn high mass of the forty hours' devotion. The chanters of the litany will be Messrs. Ambrose A. Durkin and Joseph A. Kuhn. Mr. G. W. Wells continues as organist and choirmaster.

Mr. Edmund Varela has reorganized the choirs of St. Thomas' and Epiphany Episcopal churches for the coming winter. The personnel of soloists of St. Thomas' remains the same as last year—Miss Nena McEwan, soprano; Miss Elizabeth Stuart, contralto; Mr. Harry Stevens, tenor; and Mr. William Hoover, bass. Mr. Otto Leubkott and Miss Lillian Hally will remain at Epiphany as bass and soprano soloists, the position of contralto being filled by Miss Rosalie Holberg, who has but recently returned from a course of European study. The position of tenor soloist remains vacant. Mr. Varela is assisted at Epiphany by Mr. James G. Trayler, who directs the music Sundays, the choir being drilled by Mr. Varela.

Mr. Robert Parratt is the new leading soprano at Trinity Church. Mrs. Parratt has a beautiful voice and sings in good style, though heretofore she has too modestly refrained from public use of it.

Mr. Harry Mitchell, who possesses a superb bass voice, is now a member of the choir at Trinity Church and his singing is highly esteemed.

Mr. Frederic Shaller Evans, of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, who recently spent some time here as the guest of Mr. Oscar Franklin Comstock, has promised to return and play in this city, probably late next spring.

Mr. Davis has resigned his position in the Church of the New Jerusalem in anticipation of his leaving for a year's study in Germany.

Among the Washington organists who are expected to give recitals at the Jamestown Exposition are Mr. Armand Gumprecht, Mr. Henry Freeman, Mr. John Porter Lawrence, and Mr. Oscar Franklin Comstock.

The choir of Trinity Church has added a large number of new members, among whom are some excellent voices. The tenor part is still weak, but Mr. Comstock expects to have that supplied before long.

It has been definitely stated that Mrs. Charles H. Henney will remain at All Souls Church during the coming winter.

At the wedding of Mr. Veerhoff on Wednesday last at Culver Baptist Church, Prof. Theodore L. King, organist and choir director of Wesley M. E. Church, rendered a brilliant programme during the assembling of the guests.

Mr. Oscar Franklin Comstock will give the musical programme at the Reading Room for the Blind at the Library of Congress, on the 25th, and will be assisted by Miss Edna Sheehy, a charming soprano, and a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music. Miss Sheehy is the soprano soloist of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church.

The new anthem, "Blessed Are Those Servants," by Mr. Oscar Franklin Comstock, which has just come from the press of The Parish Choir, is written in the English style, and contains some excellent writing. The voices are judiciously treated, all the music being in easy range for the different parts.

The Washington Singsbund will give its first concert on Sunday evening, October 21, at the clubrooms on C street. The dates for the public concerts at the National Theater are November 23 and March 17. The soloists have not been named, but will probably be selected from the local musicians.

Miss Amy C. Leavitt has opened her new studio in the Blackstone Building, and begun her winter season of teaching. She will be at home to her many friends on Tuesday evenings, as has been her custom for some years past.

November 9 is the date fixed for the first musical of the Friday Morning Club, which will probably be held at the Washington Club, as formerly. The names of the artists who will appear will be decided later, when the full programme is decided upon.

The Marine Band, under the direction of Lieut. W. H. Santelmann, will give its usual series of eight concerts the coming winter at the National Theater. The first concert will be given the first Sunday evening in November, and will continue every successive Sunday evening.

GESANG VEREIN DEDICATION.

The Arion Gesang Verein, of this city, an organization composed of some of the best German folksingers, has issued invitations for the dedication of its new hall in the Diamond Building, Eighth and D streets, northwest, taking place to-day, and the first musical entertainment will be of the season. The Singsbund and the Germania Maennerchor have been invited to

attend the festivities, the programme for which is composed of songs, music, speech-making, and refreshments. A chorus of fifty voices will participate in the musical programme, which will be executed under the direction of Prof. Karl Hoyer, president.

F. A. Bockar, of the Arion, will deliver the welcome address, and Mrs. Julius Egloff, president of the ladies' auxiliary, will also speak. William E. Greene will render a violin solo, and a cornet solo by Mr. William T. Davis and a baritone solo by G. M. Steber will assist in making the programme of lively interest to all music lovers.

"One of them accepted me one morning as I came out of the Cercle Mediterranee, the fashionable French club.

"Monsieur," he said, "one little son, for the love of Heaven, my poor wife is starving."

"Why, look here," said I, "only last week I gave you some money to bury your wife, and now you tell me she is starving. How can that be?"

"But, monsieur," said the beggar, "I have a new wife."

The Undaunted Beggar.

Eugene Higgins, at a dinner on his yacht Varuna, described a winter he had spent at Nice.

"But the Nice beggars!" he said, laughing. "The splendid, sun-drenched Promenade des Anglais, with its ivory white villas on one side and the blue Mediterranean on the other, is always haunting with these beggars."

"One of them accepted me one morning as I came out of the Cercle Mediterranee, the fashionable French club.

"Monsieur," he said, "one little son, for the love of Heaven, my poor wife is starving."

"Why, look here," said I, "only last week I gave you some money to bury your wife, and now you tell me she is starving. How can that be?"

"But, monsieur," said the beggar, "I have a new wife."

The Undaunted Beggar.

Eugene Higgins, at a dinner on his yacht Varuna, described a winter he had spent at Nice.

Smoot, Coffey & McCalley,

1216 F St. 'Phone 725

Complete Lines of Women's Elegant and Exclusive Apparel.

Stylish Tailor-Made Suits, \$18

Women's tailor-made suits with short, medium, and long coats—loose and tight-fitting styles. Full pleated and French flare skirts. Shown in brown, blue, black, garnet, gray, and the new mannish mixtures. Suits that sell for \$22.50. Special at \$18.00

New Neckwear

Very stylish Chiffon, Maltine and Liberty Silk Boas—full and fluffy—in white, black, brown, and evening shades; priced \$2.00 up from.

An excellent line of long, fluffy Coque and Marabou Feather Boas in white, brown, black, gray, and other shades; priced \$3.50 up from.

New Gloves, \$1

A very special glove value. We're showing an especially attractive line of Women's new Cape Walking Gloves in all the fashionable shades of tan and brown. Well made gloves in all sizes. Special, per pair, \$1.00

Dress Goods, \$1

Special lot of five pieces of fine All-wool Camel's Hair Stripes and Granite Serge, 52 inches wide; in blue, green, brown, and black mixed with white; standard \$1.50 value. Special, per yard, \$1.00

\$1.25 Taffeta, 85c

Superior Quality Pure Dye Black Taffeta, bright and lustrous; wear guaranteed; \$1.25 value. Special, per yard, 85c

Smoot, Coffey & McCalley
1216 F StreetTHE WOMAN'S SPECIALTY STORE
DEVREAU
917-F STREET

Introductory Sale of C. J. Bonnet & Co. Silks.



Regents, Rose de Mai, and other fashionable silks. Here are some introductory specials:

C. J. BONNET & CO.

TAFFETAS.

80c 19-in. Black Taffeta, \$0.65
90c 21-in. Black Taffeta, \$0.75
\$1.00 26-in. Black Taffeta, \$0.85
\$1.50 30-in. Black Taffeta, \$1.19
\$1.75 36-in. Black Taffeta, \$1.25
\$2.00 36-in. Black Taffeta, \$1.50

OTHER SILK SPECIALS.

65c 19-in. Black Taffeta, \$0.48
80c 22-in. Black Taffeta, \$0.58
90c 26-in. Black Taffeta, \$0.68
\$1.00 36-in. Black Taffeta, \$0.78

We are showing an elegant assortment of Black and Colored Dress Goods, New Laces, Lace Collars, Belts, Scarfs, Veils and Veilings, Braids, Dress Trimmings, Hosiery, and Underwear; also the latest styles in TAILOR-MADE SUITS, WAISTS, AND SKIRTS. Especially attractive prices.

R. W. DEVREAU CO., 917 F St.

"The Quality Jewelry House."

For October Brides

We show a large assortment of rich and beautiful wedding gifts that are sure to be appreciated. Jewelry, Watches, Precious Gems, Solid Silver, Silver Platedware, Cut Glass, Clocks, and other appropriate offerings for the October brides. We guarantee everything we sell, and our prices are well within the limits of reasonableness.

M. Goldsmith & Son,

Established 1873,
911 Pennsylvania Avenue.TABLE LUXURIES
"The Finest of Everything."

Those Who Will Reside in Washington

During the winter should make this store their headquarters for TABLE SUPPLIES.

Our stocks of Table Delicacies and Substantials are the most complete, and our prices are the lowest consistent with FINEST QUALITY.

NEW GOODS ARE ARRIVING DAILY.

"Cornwell's Blend" of Mocha and Java Coffee is unequaled for excellence. Fresh roasted daily on the premises. Price, 38c pound.

G. G. Cornwell & Son

Wholesale and Retail Grocers and Importers
1412 to 1418 Pennsylvania Avenue

California Privet Plants for Beautiful Hedges

It is not necessary for you to go to Philadelphia or New York for California Privet. We are wholesale growers, and have over 300,000 privet plants on hand. It is the proper thing for hedges. Fall is an excellent time to have us do your landscape gardening. We are experts in this business, and guarantee entire satisfaction.

The Washington Hedge and Nursery Co.

M. STABLER, Manager 2434 Pa. Ave. N. W.
'PHONE WEST 1285.Herald Want Ads, 1 Cent a Word
Herald Want Ads, 1 Cent a Word

A FAIR PROPOSITION.

We Sincerely Believe That the Cecilian Piano Player

Sold by us is superior in construction and in the artistic merit of its musical performance to any other piano player on the market, whether operated by electricity, pneumatics, or other power.

We are so confident of this fact and of our ability to demonstrate the truth of it to your complete satisfaction that we give you herewith a list of the other players handled in this city and the addresses of the dealers in whose warehouses they may be seen and tried.

The Pianola.....By Sanders & Stayman, 1327 F
The Angelus.....By Wm. Knabe & Co., 1218 F
The Apollo.....By the F. G. Smith Co., 1225 Pa. Ave.
The Hardman.....O. J. De Moll, G Street
The Simplex.....D. C. Pfeiffer, 1328 F Street

We ask you to go and see any or all of these players; ask the salesman to show you all the points of merit; ask him to show you how to produce the various effects, and then sit down and

Try to Produce Them Yourself.

Then come and see the "CECILIAN" and note the points of merit which none of its competitors possess; let us show you how to operate the instrument to the best advantage, and then try it yourself; see how easy it is and how perfectly it responds to the will of the performer, giving entire liberty for individual expression, and ALL THIS WITHOUT ANY FATIGUING EFFORT on your part or the use of cumbersome and confusing levers.

We ask you to do this that you may judge for yourself as to which is the best piano player.

We offer the "CECILIAN" for sale strictly on its merits, and we believe that this is the most satisfactory way to convince you that the most artistic player of them all is sold right here in our warehouses.